

Where have I left my sanity? by explicit_slug (big_slug)

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Summary:

After the events of 1984, Will Byers is an absolute wreck.

Seriously, read at your own risk.

Where have I left my sanity?

Author's Note:

So, Kudos to Rebldomakr and Alcoholic_Kangaroo for making me create an account. Hope you don't mind I'm using the Will/Billy relationship. I was just trying to create something so sick and twisted it could land me in jail. No proof reading done.

btw I know Hopper is pretty out of character, but whatever

February 1985

Will Byers doesn't feel anything. Literally, not a thing. Sure, he feels the uncomfortable chair he's sitting on. He smells the coffee and tobacco scent of Chief Hopper's office, but on an emotional level, he's empty. Thinking about it, he should be remorseful. He should feel the guilt, if not for himself, then for his family. But even in his current state, long past guilt or anything that could resemble it, he should be scared shitless. Truth is, he isn't. He just stares at nothing, knowing that Hopper is eyeing him closely.

„Not gonna put you in jail, if that's what you're thinking.“ the man huffs, pressing the cigarette bud into the ashtray next to his typewriter.

„Billy?“ Will asks, finally feeling a nervous tension crawling up his spine. He's already asking himself how he could be naive enough to believe things would go back to normal after this.

„Jesus Christ!“ Hopper exclaims. „What do you think? He’s going away for a long-“

„No!“ Will interrupts him through a sudden burst of fear. He can’t let that happen. He can’t let Billy go anywhere. Will *needs* Billy.

„Kid...“ the Chief sighs. „He’s sold drugs to a minor. You should be damn grateful that I’m putting him away. At least you should be grateful I’m not charging you of possession.“ There’s a sense of relief to the fact that Hopper doesn’t know the whole truth. He doesn’t know about the booze. But even if he did, he would still be absolutely clueless as to how Will usually pays Billy. Every other day, on his knees, one blowjob for two of those little pills that make him feel good for a few hours, that let him sleep without nightmares torturing him every second of the night. Either that or he’s taking it up the ass for a bottle of Vodka. Hopper must never know what Will does. And how *willingly* he does it. How *rewarding* and *fulfilling* it is. How he enjoys being fucked raw, lips bleeding from stretching around Billy’s cock, throat clogged with cum for hours after.

„Gonna be hell of a lot of paperwork I’ll be going through, getting these things to the lab in Indianapolis. Got anything to tell me about this stuff that would make the process easier? Like, what that even is you’re poisoning yourself with?“ He inspects the transparent plastic bag with the light pink pills.

„Don’t know.“ Will answers truthfully. He never cared, as long as it helps, and as long as he gets to suck Billy off.

„How am I not surprised?“ Hopper grunts. „Listen, kid. This is gonna have consequences. Rehab. Understood?“

„No.“ Will crosses his arms in front of his chest. „And I‘m not gonna testify against Billy.“

„Doesn‘t matter. Caught you guys red-handed, and Hargrove‘s got a record already.“

A sudden idea comes to Will‘s mind. It‘s all he can think of lately anyways, and if Hopper‘s going to try and get him into rehab, it‘s worth the try. He can‘t make it worse than it already is, and if there‘s a chance, a remote chance he could still get to sleep tonight, he‘s going to take it. Suddenly, he‘s convinced, he can still turn this around. Get himself and Billy out of it. If it doesn‘t work, he‘ll just say something in the lines of ‚Those pills are fucking with me‘. No one would ever have to know the truth. He stands up from the chair opposite to Hopper‘s desk, and takes a few steps towards him. The Chief is staring at a piece of paper, lighting his next cigarette, clearly stressed out.

„Trying to figure out how to tell your mother without giving her a heart attack.“ he mutters. „Would be your damn fault, kid.“ The words don‘t hit Will in the least. His mother would never know.

„I could do you a favor.“ he says. Hopper looks up from his paper, where Will can see crossed out sentences, all kinds of stupid attempts at planning on how to tell Joyce what happened. A perplexed frown on his face, he shakes his head.

„Yeah, so you clean up my place and mow my lawn, and I let you off the hook? I‘m not doing this for any sort of reward, kid. You‘re fucking your life up there.“

Will has rarely ever heard Hopper swearing, but he always assumed the Chief does that a lot when there are no kids around. Or when the situation justifies it. „Not that kind of favor.“ he says quietly, stepping around the desk to face Hopper. The man's eyes are resting on Will, narrowing at his words and actions. He takes another step towards Hopper, unsure of how he's gonna react to Will's hand suddenly bolting to his crotch. As quick as Will has grabbed him there, Hopper slaps his hand away, eyes widened.

„You're shitting me!“ he shouts. „Fucking hell, what's wrong with you? Do I have to take you to the hospital?“ Will doesn't respond, he's not given up yet. A familiar warmth spreads between his legs. He *wants* this, so he makes another attempt. This time, Hopper doesn't stop him immediately. Will feels the Chief's tight grip on his wrist, but manages to keep his hand where he wants it, noticing the man's growing erection.

„You're hard.“ he notes. „I can make it better.“ To underline this, Will moves his hand up and down. He enjoys the pain Hopper's grip is causing him more than he probably should. The thin shirt he's wearing brushes against his hardened nipples. God, he can't wait to be able to compare the Chief and Billy.

„Not because of- ah...“ Hopper tries, but Will knows his way around a cock by now, even if it's concealed in two layers of clothing. He doesn't know why the man's attempts at fighting him have become so weak so fast. He would have thought it'd take more than just two simple touches, but in the end, Will knows which buttons to push.
„Seriously... Will... ah... stop...“

„But you like it.“ Will simply says.

„No.“ Hopper grunts desperately. „I don‘t-“

„Then why aren‘t you stopping me? Come on, let me do this.“ Will‘s voice is a whisper by now, and his face so close to Hopper‘s, he can feel the faint heat of the cigarette that‘s still dangling from his mouth.

„Dammit... don‘t wanna break your arm.“ the Chief claims through his heavy breathing.

„You can let me go.“ Will breathes, and to his surprise, Hopper does just that, releasing his wrist. Will marvels at the dark fingerprints the mighty paw has left behind. He loves the bruising. Taking the opportunity, he drops to his knees in front of Hopper, and immediately reaches for the zipper on his pants. Skillfully, Will frees Hopper‘s boxers.

„Can‘t do that...“ he weakly protests, but at Will‘s experienced touch, his legs twitch, and he groans long and muffled by his own fist that he‘s biting into. Will knows that Hopper knows they could be caught any moment, by Flo or one of the deputies, but that only makes it more thrilling. It‘s easy to pull down Hopper‘s shorts far enough to expose his member, and oh man, Will is impressed. Shocked, to be more precise. He always thought Billy was big, but maybe he‘d just lacked comparison. A thin string of precum connects the dark red tip to the white fabric that Will is holding down. His hand finds its way to the heavy balls, and Hopper takes a sharp inhale at that. A sudden surge of pride overcomes Will. He can do this to people. He can give them pleasure. It‘s something that he actually can do, the one thing he‘s good at, as useless and hateful as he is otherwise. It‘s the only proof he got that he‘s still alive.

„See? It's good.“ Will smiles. He then proceeds to take the tip of Hopper's erection into his mouth, to taste the salty precum. He knows what is expected of him, when the Chief whimpers with pleasure, and his cock pulsates in Will's mouth. Without hesitation, he sinks his head down on it, and is immediately overwhelmed by the sheer size of it. He feels the girth tugging at the corners of his mouth pleasantly painfully, his gag reflex triggers when he's about halfway down the shaft, but Will keeps pushing himself, until thick, dark hair touches his nose. With a light squeeze to Hopper's balls, he glides his lips back up, taking a deep breath through his nose as soon as he's able to.

From there on, he begins bobbing his head up and down, slowly at first, but eventually speeding up. Every time he gets the Chief's cock down his throat entirely, he hits a critical point, close to throwing up. It hurts his throat, he can feel his lips ripping open at the corners, where he's still sore from the last time he's sucked Billy off, and it's *so good*. Nothing could ever compare to the knowledge that Will is *good* at something. Meanwhile, Hopper's protests have all but stopped, leaving him mumbling unintelligible nonsense into the stale air of his office. Will picks up more speed, fingers still fondling Hopper's balls. His own erection is now painful in his way too tight jeans, but he decides not to do anything about it now. There'd be plenty of time later. Maybe with Billy. The longer he keeps going, the more this is hurting Will, to a point where he's sobbing quietly, blood trickling down his chin from his abused lips.

Hopper's breath deepens, hitching occasionally after a solid two minutes of in and out, and since Will is already adept of reading the signs, he swallows around the man's cock a few times. That coaxes a low grunt out of him, as well as the orgasm, that makes his cock twitch and sputter deep into Will's throat. He happily swallows the entire load. He doesn't know if what's running out of his nose is snot from crying, or cum. What he does know, however, is that he's off the hook. Even when he suddenly feels a strong hand in his neck, yanking him away from the already softening cock. Will is basically thrown across the room, before coming to a painful halt on the hard

floor.

„I swear to god...“ Hopper is on his feet, pants already pulled up, and now he's basically screaming. „Fuck! Fucking shit!“ The man kicks his desk hard, making the bell on his typewriter ring. The office is silent for a moment, before he rages on „You're 13! Fucking 13! How could- Jesus fucking Christ, what the fuck? I'm gonna... kid... you need therapy and-“ That's where he stops, eyes widening once again at the realization Will knows is hitting the Chief like a ton of bricks.

„No.“ Will whispers into the silence. „You're letting Billy go. You're not telling my mom. I'm not going to rehab.“

„They'd... I mean... they would...“ Hopper stutters in absolute disbelief. He doesn't regain his temper for quite a while, time which Will uses to get up and wipe his eyes, nose and lips with a Kleenex from the desk. He can't help but smile at the blood stains on it. Meanwhile, Hopper reaches for the bottom drawer on his desk, from where he produces an unopened glass bottle containing amber liquid. Will recognizes the Johnnie Walker label. The Chief hastily rips the cap off, and takes a deep drag. Only one thing left to do. In order to get his confiscated pills, Will steps towards the desk again. Right as he has the plastic bag in his hand, a bear-like paw closes tight around his throat.

„Don't stress it, kid.“ Hopper hisses, so that Will can smell his alcohol-tinged breath. „Trust me, if it was just about me going to jail, I'd tell the whole town about this. Doing this for your mother, understood? She'd get a stroke or something if she knew.“ Will can't speak, so he simply nods, eyes watering again.

„Good. Now take those pills and your ass out of here. Your piece of

shit friend's gonna be out too.“

Will does just that. He leaves Hopper's office at once, the plastic bag safe in his pocket. No one takes notice of him when he exits the police station. The late winter air is cool and relieving on his sweaty skin, even through his puffy jacket. Will decides to wait for Billy, cock still twitching in his pants.

„Your house empty?“ Billy snorts. He's so god damn fucked up after this. Now, speeding down the road to the kid's house in his Camaro, he actually regrets not having killed that pile of shit Police Chief when he got a chance. Though, he can't help but feel pride. Not of Will Byers, but of what Billy has made out of the boy in just three short months. Damn, he gets arrested, and fucks himself out of it. You can't make that up.

„Yeah.“ Will responds. Billy grunts delighted.

„Then we're going there. Need to blow off steam.“ He takes Will by the neck and pulls him close to himself. „Shit, you smell like cum.“

„Well, yeah.“ the boy shrugs. „I swallowed.“

„Yeah, you fucking did, you little slut.“ Billy chuckles. „And I'm gonna have to punish you.“ He doesn't take his eyes off the road for too long, but Billy is sure, Will's face has gone from indifferent, to terrified.

„I... I got you out of-“ the kid stutters, but Billy won't have it.

„I know what you did, cunt.“ he hisses, amused at how it startles Will. „But your holes belong to me, understood? I'm the only one who gets to fuck you.“

„I did it for you!“ Will protests, voice jumping up and down this time.

„You helped me there.“ Billy admits with a devious smirk. „Don't worry, you're gonna get your reward.“ His cock is already throbbing against the fly of his jeans, and he can't wait to unleash it, so Billy stomps the accelerator to the floor. Will is silent for the rest of the short drive, and he's already at the front door when Billy is still busy locking his car. He doesn't think anyone's gonna try to steal it out here, but it's a habit.

He slams the door to the boy's room shut behind himself. Billy loves the sight that awaits him there. Will Byers, his boy, his fucking property, anxiously waiting for him, pants and shirt long gone, stroking himself through his shorts.

„Not gonna fuck your mouth tonight.“ Billy chuckles. „Who knows what kind of STDs that fat bastard left in there. Now, I want you to- Ugh, what the hell, giving you your reward first.“ It's an experiment, something Billy's been wanting to do for some time: See how Will reacts to being fucked high on Ecstasy. So, Billy hands him another one of the pills he usually „sells“ him. „Swallow. Right now.“ he commands, and Will complies like the whore he is. Billy's not intending to wait for the Ecstasy to kick in, though. It doesn't matter, he knows he's gonna be able to get at least two loads out of himself tonight. Also, he's got a punishment to administer first. „Lose the underwear, slut.“

Once Will is standing there, surrounded by Star Wars posters, self made drawings and even some toys, *fucking toys for kids*, his small erection popping up from a hardly visible nest of still soft hair, Billy wastes one or two thoughts at how fucking wrong this is. His own cock is telling his mind to shut off, though, and so he roughly shoves the boy to his bed with the fantasy-themed sheets, and places him on his hands and knees.

„You been stretching lately?“ he asks, lining himself up.

„Billy, I-“ Will attempts, but is cut short by Billy barking

„I don‘t fucking care, you should know by now.“ He spits in his hand to poorly lubricate himself with. Then, without a hint of mercy crossing his mind, he thrusts in for the first time, and the boy screeches. „Promised you a punishment.“ His hand lands on the kid‘s skinny ass with force, and Will lets out a choked scream. Now, Billy starts moving inside. In and out, over and over again. It doesn‘t take a minute before Will is bawling his eyes out, just like Billy likes it. „Is he bigger than me?“ he demands to know, administering more forceful slaps to Will‘s ass.

„Billy...“ Will sobs. „Please stop!“

„Is he fucking bigger than me? Don‘t you dare lying, whore!“ Billy shouts at the top of his lungs.

„Yeah!“ Will cries. „He‘s bigger... he‘s bigger... stop! Please!“ Billy

knows just too well, deep down the little slut enjoys this, so he keeps going, pounding inside of his tight but ripping hole even harder.

That damn motherfucker is bigger! The thought takes over, and Billy's vision turns red. He fucks into Will from behind like a jackhammer, and brings one hand around the smaller teen, who's still supporting himself on his hands and knees. Billy begins pumping Will's cock with one hand, until he feels the tight channel clenching around his own erection, orgasm erupting from the boy. The thin trail of cum trickles from Billy's hand onto the bed sheets.

„Punishment.“ he grunts into Will's ear, because Billy is not even close yet. He knows, with the lust and pressure gone, only pain remains for Will, and as if to confirm this, he actually tries to get away from Billy, wailing at the top of his lungs. Will manages to get hold of the headboard of his bed, which he uses to try and pull himself off of Billy's cock.

„No no no...“ Billy chuckles. „Not gonna happen.“ With his strong hands, he takes hold of the kid's wrists and brings them behind his back, so that Will now has to rest on his knees and face, that's pressed into the mattress. Billy pounds into the torn up hole for another solid three minutes, relishing every scream, every dry sob he can fuck out of his toy, until he finally explodes into Will's ass. Billy lets him go, and he lands on his side, where he curls up into an impossibly small ball, hugging his own legs. The sight of Billy's cum leaking from his bleeding asshole is delicious.

By now, all the boy seems to be capable of is shivering, and wheezing, like he's suffering some sort of Asthma attack. Billy hurries to fetch him some water from the kitchen. It takes three glasses, out of which Will maybe manages to drink one, spilling the rest due to his heavy shivering. Billy is satisfied with this, though. „How long do

we have?“

With his bottom lip quivering, Will answers weakly „Nine.“

„Good.“ Billy sighs. „‘cause I‘m gonna fuck you again. Just need some time.“ This has Will in silent tears again.

„Please don‘t, Billy... I can‘t take more.“ he pleads quietly, but Billy just puts on a smug grin, and lies down next to Will, allowing the kid to curl against him. Will‘s head comes to a rest on Billy‘s chest.

„Good job.“ Billy says gently, massaging Will‘s bruised ass to draw soft whimpers from him. „Getting us out of there.“ Will‘s hand clutches in Billy‘s shirt.

„Need you.“ he whispers with his eyes closed.

It takes an hour, until Billy is sure the Ecstasy has kicked in. He‘s made sure to keep Will awake, checking on his progress every now and then. „Feel good?“ Billy asks, huffing cigarette smoke into the boy‘s face.

„So good, Billy.“ he hums. „‘m flying...“

„So you‘re ready?“ Billy doesn‘t wait for an answer, before he orders

„On your back. I wanna see your face.“ Will’s motions are sluggish when he complies, taking his time to slowly unfold from his position pressed against Billy, to place himself on the sheets, arms and legs spread. Billy shoves a thick pillow under the boy’s abused butt, to make him more accessible. Seeing him like this, just an hour after Billy completely destroyed him, willing and even horny again, is absolutely stunning. Billy doesn’t waste another thought on Chief Hopper. He’s relaxed like he rarely ever is. Relaxed enough to take some pity on the kid and use real lube this time, and a generous amount of that.

Will is a lot looser now, and during his first thrusts, Billy keeps his gaze fixated on the boy’s face, curious as to how he’s gonna react. Will keeps his eyes closed, his face distorts in a mask of pain and pleasure. „Hurts...“ he whines.

„It’s okay.“ Billy coos, keeping the speed nice and slow. „It feels good when it hurts, doesn’t it?“

„s nice.“ Will sobs, and chokes out a gasp when Billy leans down to bite his earlobe. „...good when it hurts...“ he mutters, not just once, but over and over again, like a mantra that’s defining his drug-fueled state of mind. Billy’s jaw clenches at the thought of how *he* is responsible for this. This moaning, crying, pain-hungry 13 year old he’s fucking into is *his* work. His *masterpiece*, completely broken and obedient in the most perfect way imaginable.

„Who do you belong to?“ Billy presses through his teeth. „Say it.“

„Billy...“ the kid mumbles. „...belong to you... ‘s good when it hurts...“ At those words, Billy’s fingers subconsciously dig into Will’s sides, and Will yelps due to the new surge of pain he’s feeling.

„Such a good toy.“ Billy praises.

„Toy...“ Will repeats sporting a weak smile, his face scrunching with every deep, slow thrust of Billy’s cock. He’s so damn far gone, Billy can’t contain himself anymore. He comes inside the kid, way harder than the first time tonight. For a few seconds, Billy keeps fucking, until the overstimulation is close to killing him. When he pulls out, he realizes Will hasn’t come yet.

„Wanna come?“ he murmurs into the smaller teen’s ear.

„Come...“ Will replies, grinning hazily. Billy takes that as a yes. He just wonders how far he can take this.

„Gonna make you come, don’t worry.“ Billy takes Will’s legs up, so his bruised ass is in full view. He doesn’t hesitate to place a few, quick slaps there. Will cries out at the top of his lungs, eyes snapping open. „Remember...“ Billy whispers. „...it feels good when it hurts. Come for me.“ He uses more force than he probably should on the kid, when he hits his backside again.

„s good when ‘t hurts...“ Will whines pathetically, and with a few more hard hits to his ass, he’s coming, wailing into the otherwise silent room with his high pitched voice. Only a few, clear and thin droplets land on Will’s stomach. *Damn, he’s actually coming from being beaten.*

The pride Billy feels is beyond comparison, but he won’t tell Will

that. Not only because he doesn't want the boy to understand what's actually happening to him, but also because he's unconscious. Still breathing though, Billy notices with relief. He pulls up his own pants, drapes the cum-stained blanket over the boy's ruined body, and then takes another look at him. His face is red, hair wet and sticking to his temples. His breathing has become slow and steady.

Billy decides to get going; He knows he's got nothing left to do here. He's already unlocked his car, when he reaches for the glove box, and returns to Will's room once. From the bottom drawer of Will's desk, he produces a pile of these pathetic little fantasy drawings, revealing a black plastic bag. The bottle inside is empty, and Billy switches it for a full one. The kid's done a great job today, after all. He places the drawings back in front of the bag, and soon, he's on his way.

It's dark, both outside and in his room, when Will wakes. He doesn't know where he is at first, but quickly remembers, remembers *everything*, as he tries to roll to his back, startled by the sudden surge of unbearable pain. He yelps, feeling tears dwelling in the corners of his eyes. Why is his stomach twisting like that? Will feels like he could throw up any moment. He's hot and cold all over, and it *hurts*. It hurts so god damn much. Not only his ass cheeks and abused hole, but also his cock, his lips, his arms, his knees... Every touch to any of these parts of his body, and he takes a sharp inhale. But Will can't stop himself. The pain is just too exhilarating.

To muffle his sobs, he presses his face into the soft pillow, while he continues pinching his own ass, cock hardening with blissfully agonizing soreness. The thick fabric of the pillow doesn't help that much, though. Through the quiet crying, some louder squeaks escape him from time to time, and eventually, Will can hear his door creaking open.

„Honey?“ His mom’s voice is small, and unsure. The light from the hall is flooding his room, and when she’s able to see him, her face drops, and she rushes over to his bed. That moment, Will feels lucky the blanket is pulled up to his chest, so she can’t see he’s naked and rock hard, or how broken he probably looks. „Will...“ Joyce presses a hand to his forehead, her eyes growing wide. „You got a fever.“ she notes. „There’s no way you’re going to school tomorrow.“ It’s as if honey is clogging his ears. He can understand what she’s saying, but she’s far away, unreal. „I’ve told you, you should have put on a thicker jacket! Don’t worry, I’ve got a day off. I’m gonna get you hot soup and Aspirin, and we’re gonna-“

„Mom...“ Will finally manages to croak. She falls silent at that. „Stay?“ His mom does just that. She leans against the headboard, and takes Will in her arms. Since there’s no reason to stay quiet anymore, he allows the tears to flow freely. In turn, he feels her embrace tightening.

„It’s okay.“ she hushes softly. „I’m here, baby. I love you.“ That does it for Will. By now, he’s holding on to her for dear life, hiccuping heavily. *It hurts!* But it doesn’t matter. She loves him. Everything’s going to be fine.

Author's Note:

'God is dead. God remains dead. And we have killed him.' -- Friedrich Nietzsche

'Sometimes the Doctor must look at this planet and turn away in shame.' -- Gwen Cooper